The Competition

The wind turned, your
scrawny craft uppercut.
    How come

you couldn't sense
it early? Since
  cues are eternal-

ly there in water
and in air, angles

 of the sun, vapory in-
timations, faint sounds
    before beginning,

  the wrench-
    ing solitary
    cloud, a lover’s

    eyes gnawing
      the moon.